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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 638.] SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



NARROW ESCAPE AT CLACTON.

"The most tremendous excitement prevailed at Clacton last week when it became known that Poor Papa had arrived off the town in his beautiful racing yacht, gracefully called after me, the 'Tootsie Belle.' The pier was speedily thronged with enthusiastic visitors, and Dad's efforts to bring the boat alongside were watched with thrilling interest. I fear, however, that my wretched parent had been celebrating the occasion a little too freely, for his orders were anything but lucid, and combined with the evident inexperience of the crew, very nearly resulted in what might have proved a truly terrible catastrophe."—TOOTSIE.

AN INAPPROPRIATE PROVERB.



Our Curate (urbanely). Man, my dear Miss Fortytoo—man proposes—
Miss Fortytoo (with acerbity—she has never had an offer, poor thing!). Excuse me, Mr. Skimmilk, but that's exactly what man does not do!

DE BLOWITZ NOT IN IT.



The Tame Tenor (loftily). D'ye know I was interviewed to-day?
Fluffie. Who by—official liquidator?

COCK-A-DOODLE COATES.

WHEN this century was very young an eccentric gentleman suddenly burst forth upon fashionable Bath, causing much astonishment. He was fairly good-looking. He wore clothes of the latest cut and lots of jewellery. His name was Robert Coates, and he had heaps of money.

He sported the most whimsical curricule that was ever seen. It was covered over with brightly burnished effigies of "the cock that crowed in the morn." The buttons on the servants' liveries and the harness were similarly decorated.

He had grand manners, at which the men sneered, but the women did not quite so much. He had gained by his recitations in society the appellation of "the Amateur of Fashion," and on the 9th of February, 1810, he appeared at the Bath Theatre as Romeo, "where he met with much success and gave universal satisfaction."

This entertainment was given in the cause of charity, and the same motive prompted him to make another essay at Cheltenham, where, however, the critics fell foul of him. In September, 1811, he appeared as Romeo at Richmond before a fashionable audience that crammed the theatre and roared with laughter. He wore a Spanish hat with a plume of ostrich feathers, and several thousand pounds worth of jewellery. When Juliet exclaimed, "Oh! Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" the house was convulsed.

The same year he met with worse treatment. "Nothing,"

says a critic, "could be more contemptible than the performance of Mr. Coates." He was hissed and hooted, and scores of the audience crowded at him like cocks. At the same theatre two years later the house was filled with actors, who welcomed him with loud crowing and outrageous chaff. His death scene was received with thunders of derisive applause, and his death loudly encored. He, however, would not die twice.

It is certain he believed himself to be a great, if mis-understood, genius, and again and again appeared at different places. Mathews, the famous actor, burlesqued him at Covent Garden Theatre. It was Coates's custom when acting a part to converse and shake hands with some of his friends in the stage boxes. So did Mathews, and the person with whom he shook hands was none other than Coates himself, who was not at all offended.

Sometimes some cruel tricks were played off on the poor vain fellow. At an entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House in 1812, someone sent him a ticket of admission, in every respect regularly signed and sealed, and to all appearance correct. He put himself to an infinity of trouble in dressing in the richest attire, and with a profusion of costly jewels. He went in a sedan chair from his lodgings in Craven Street, Strand, and discharged it at the outer gate, where his ticket passed muster. But at the second gate the ticket was pronounced a forgery. He could not be admitted, and to go back he was sorely ashamed. The crowd seeing the situation split their sides with laughing, but a gentleman, taking pity on him, lent him his carriage to get back to his lodgings. This he did, and having changed his clothes for a more sober suit, he returned, and, obtaining admission to a gentleman's residence opposite Carlton House, had the pleasure of seeing the rest of the company with genuine tickets go to the Prince's.

Poor Coates, he was treated roughly. He must have known something of acting though he could not act himself, which, by the way, is not proved by any means. He gave that vagrant genius, Edmund Kean, a gold watch and chain and thirty guineas because he was so delighted with his impersonation of Richard III.

At length he retired into private life, and gave those envious of him no further opportunity of saluting him with "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

BILLIAM THE BLOODSTAINED.

SOME TRUE STATEMENTS RESPECTING CERTAIN HORRIBLE OCCURRENCES ON BOARD THE "GIDDY GEEZER."

No. 1.—The Statement of T. POTT, Cook's Help.

"I WAS a honest boy before I joined this ill-fated ship and associated with a beastly black cook, who habitually used bad language and waited on play actresses, who wore powder instead of shining noses, and I was taught at the Board School, and am a staunch chapel-goer, as my mother will bear witness.

"On board the vessel were brought two boys by mistake, it being supposed they were low play actors, and when it was discovered that neither of them could play the bones they were treated something awful, and at last, in despair, jumped overboard to the hungry sharks. Since then their ghosts have appeared to me and the man at the wheel. They wear frilled night-gowns with a patch of gore over the heart. Last night a male party belonging to the play-actress people, commonly known as the Boss, suddenly disappeared. What has become of him we know not. The question is: Do ghosts eat human beings? Three drops of blood have been discovered in the Boss's cabin, and a brass trousers button, probably rejected as indigestible, but the rest and the buckle behind are missing."

(Signed) T. POTT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very, very seldom, TAPPY; They would cost a fiver each. ALLY cannot tell you more, as They are quite beyond his reach. Only to the trade, M'GIPPIN. Thanks for letter, H. S. J. SLOPER does not know at present; Later on, perhaps, he may. Much obliged for cutting, ROLLO. Sorry, SKID, we do not know. Any work upon the subject Ought to tell you when to go.

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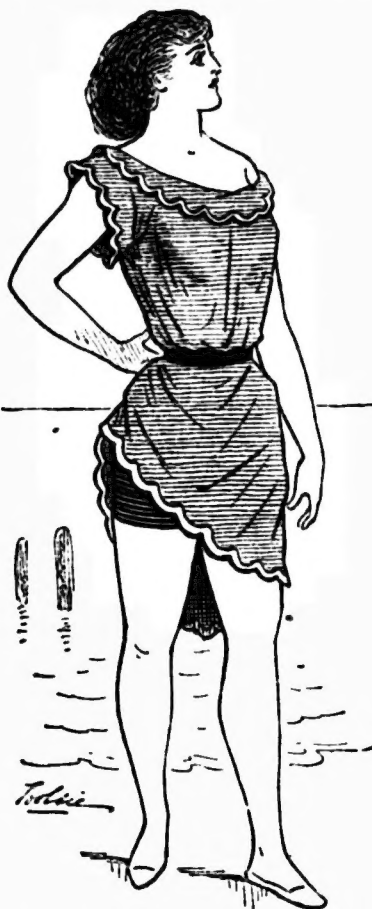
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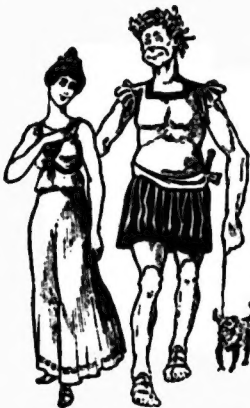
CRUEL, VERY!



"That's my last photograph." "Great Scott! old man, if I could only think it was, I would forgive you all the others."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 638.—The "Swanage Bathing" Costume

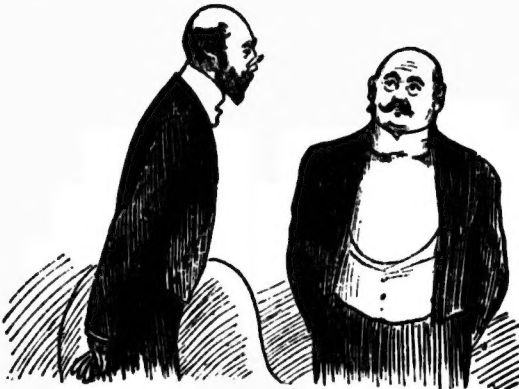


THEY DID IT THEN, TOO!

"You naughty man! How dare you say such things!"



"What with the freckles, the flies, and the fleas, I shall spend a fortune in powder if I stay here much longer."



"Mr. fit tells me his play was damned with faint praise." "Umph! the language I heard everybody in the theatre using was strong enough."



VERY REGULAR.

"I should think I was a regular customer! Why, I have bought three postage-stamps a week here for the last fortnight!"

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Friend. Well; how's business?
Young Editor. Oh, lively; very lively. Subscribers are coming in every day.

Friend. That's good, isn't it?
Young Editor. Well—er—not exactly. You see they only come in to say they don't want the paper any more.

Lottie Pomeroy. Is poor Millie much upset about Lord Flashlight jilting her? Does she take it to heart?
Florence Flinger. Well, not much; but she's going to take it to court.

First Clown. I say, Jerry, what do they lawyer-chaps mean when they say they're going on circus? What do they do?
Second Clown. That's when they try cases of sun-assault and acro-battery.

Stingeyman (who has sought the assistance of a "professional man"). And now, Mr. Thumper, can anything be done to that piano?

D. Thumper. Oh, yes. (Delight on Stingeyman's countenance.) Oh, yes; it can be burnt.

Stingeyman. But can't it be done up?

D. Thumper. It is done up, sir—thoroughly.

JERROLD and Sydney Smith, in heaven,
Argued and quarrelled, like earthly folk,
As to which of them had its origin given
To a certain world-famed joke.

But Noah remarked, with a scowl at them:
"Unjustly ye both to that jest lay claim,
I uttered that chestnut to Ham and Shem,
As out of the Ark we came!"

Blotbs. They tell me that Lusher's birthday party was rather a spirited sort of affair.

Dobbs. Spirited? I should think it was! Seven bottles of whisky, four of brandy, two of gin, and half-a-gallon of rum, isn't bad for a dozen of us, is it?

Nell. What's the matter, dear?
Belle. Oh! I'm cross, love. I sent my blue skirt to be dyed, and they've made an awful mess of it.
Nell. What might be called a dyer calamity, eh, dear?

Tracher. Now, don't forget the water is drawn up from the earth into the clouds by the action of the sun.—Well, Brown, what is it?
Brown. If you please, sir, is that what is meant by the "sun's raise"?

Sniggs. Whipperton is an awful liar, isn't he?
Sniggs. Yes, poor chap; but he can't help it, you know—it's a case of heredity.

Sniggs. How do you mean?
Sniggs. His father and grandfather were in the house and estate agent line.

Mrs. Malaprop (to grocer). I'll take a pound o' these new "X" Raisins I hears so much on.

SLOPER'S CURE FOR CORPULENCE.



"Try Bantam; mind not Bant'ng."

CINQUEVALLI'S APPRENTICESHIP.

PAUL CINQUEVALLI, probably the most finished juggler of his or any other age, is now in receipt of a salary approaching that of a Cabinet Minister. Where he differs from the Minister is that he earns his salary. Those tricks of his which look so simple, pretty, and—so easy, are frequently the fruit of two or three years of study and practice. Paul practises at least three hours every day, and there is not a room in his house without its complement of half a dozen indiarubber balls. These are the juggler's ABC, and he is always picking them up to keep his hand and eye in training.

Once upon a time, Cinquevalli was an apprentice. His line was then the trapeze and tumbling, for it was as an acrobat that he first essayed the stage. He travelled with a circus through Russia, Poland, Roumania, Galicia, and the adjacent quarters of Europe, visiting and performing at all the towns on the road. They frequently were at a different stand daily, sometimes travelling all night and sleeping on horseback. Paul says it was the best imitation of gipsy life that he ever struck.

It was quite an unusual thing for them to sleep at an inn, but when a fair kept them some days at a time in one town they made a point of doing so. The whole country was infested with fleas; they were as dust upon the roads, and it was impossible to travel without a few thousands of them attached to each human being.

They had other unwelcome visitors. These were the bandits and brigands. It was known that the circus was accumulating money, and an attack on the troupe was no infrequent occurrence.

One day they had stopped for a rest and refreshment. Madame Rolla, who was the strong woman of the party, sat in the treasury wagon, and was counting the money. Suddenly the "bang" of rifles rang out, and the men flew to arms. It was an attack by brigands. A smart fusillade was kept up, but the robbers came nearer. Madame Rolla went on counting the money, but she reached for a pepper-box, and laid it on the table.

In the midst of the confusion of shouts and firing, a big Hercules of six feet six made for the treasury wagon. He pulled open the door and thrust his head inside.

Madame Rolla lifted the pepper-box and flung the contents full in his eyes. There was a scream of agony, and he staggered away, only to fall into the hands of the circus men.

It was Ivanovitch, the famous Russian brigand, the terror of the country. There was a big price upon his head, and Madame Rolla reaped her reward.

DASHED GOOD REASON, TOO!



"Why isn't your chin-strap in the right place, sergeant?" "Cos it won't stop there, sir."

THOSE SEASIDE LODGINGS.



It took what ALLY called a "lot of explaining" to convince Mrs. S. that he was only entertaining the landlady's daughter. Some people are so silly.

NOT A DEAD-HEAD, EITHER.



Two Liner. Say, dear boy, what part are you giving me in the next piece? Manager. The audience.

MINX SAUCE.



Old Shufflegunt. You saucy minx! You give yourself too many airs. Jane. It's more'n you can do, or you wouldn't be so blessed bald.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



Arriet. I've 'ad it made by a West-end dress-maker. The skirt's got nine gores in it. 'Arry. Oh!—gored!

WATCHIN' THE REGATTA.



Freddie. There, now, the captain of the *Lurline* is standing on another tack. Fair Innocent. Is he really? I suppose that's what made him jump up so suddenly, poor fellow!

... Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 452.—Miss WINNIE WILMOT.
"Surely a love like mine must meet reward!"
—*The Dook Snook*.
"My heart and my fortune I lay at her feet."
—*Lord Bob*.
"For I have loved a girl or two, but never such a girl as you!"
—*The Hon. Billy*.

THE PARROT FELT RATHER PECKULIAR.



(1) "I think I hear dear little Daisy's foot-steps."



(2) "'Tis she! Oh, rapture! she is kissing me!"



(3) "E-e-oww-w! You vile brute, leggo me ear, wou't yer!"

McNAB'S ENJOYMENT AGAIN SPOILT.



(1) McNab finds his rain-barrel the *only* place, this weather, for true enjoyment.



(2) But the Reverend McYelper thought otherwise, and he roared, "Cum oot o' that, ye determined heathen, exposin' yersel' tae the whole community!"



(3) And McNab said, "Dear me! hooiver did that rain-barrel git on the top o' that mon?" [And echo answered "Hoo!"]



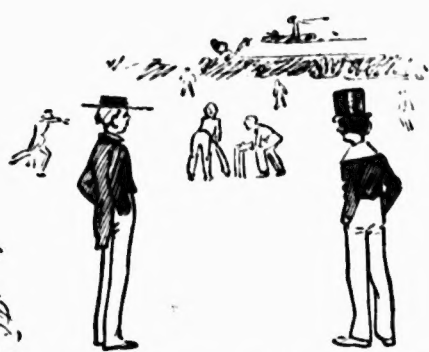
Hospital Saturday.



A. Covert's Garden Party.



A. Miraculous Escape.



Eton & Harrow.



A. Cheery old Compo.



A. Marital Mother.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Collectors swarmed on ev'ry side, And on poor man persuasions tried:—A taste for strawberries was here, A most expensive one, I fear:—An upward current broke his fall, And Langdon broke no bones at all:—A poorish crop, without a doubt, All owing to the lengthened drought:—The Eton-Harrow match affords Amusement to the crowd at Lord's:—He sang in quite a hearty way, His famous song the other day:—Good Mrs. Keveth from the Queen Receives some marks of Royal esteem.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

SO SHE CAME.



"I'm not thin, like you; I have a very fine chest on me." "M'yes, rather low down, though, ain't it, Mr. Brown?"



GOOD OLD JACK.

"I am sure I am a weight on your shoulders." "Lor, miss, no; it's my 'eart you're a-pressing on."



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

"I'm afraid I'm putting you to endless trouble, Mr. Last." "Don't mention it, madam; if we have to try on all day and night we'll fit you." [Joy of other customers—most of 'em suffering from corns.]

"I say, will you come to supper with me to-night, Flora?" "Supper with you? Why, you're a teetotaller!" "Only from 7 A.M. till 1 P.M., you know."



He. The piece is awfully late; I shall miss my last 'bus and have to pad the hoof. Lardi. You might pad the calf while you're about it.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ONCE more has Mr. Augustin Daly brought over the talented Ada Rehan to these appreciative shores. It is a little late in the season, perhaps, but the old proverb may well be applied to this case. The Comedy Theatre has been taken, and for a limited number of nights. Miss Rehan will appear in Mr. Daly's new play, *The Countess Guicki*.



THE Down-Trodden Remnant has only done his duty in conferring the "Award of Merit" upon MAURICE VICTOR, because he can humbug everybody. "Feyther," gasped the cherry-lipped Alexandry, his hair upright with funk, "I don't dispute yer judgment, for as a Gizzard and Conjuror Victor certainly is a corker; at the same time, I must confess to being a bit ain't-yer-frightened of 'im. Remember we've got one or two 'ousehold goods

at 'ome that mother would jib at seeing pass up Maurice's sleeve—not that she would say much if that old goss of yours vanished for a week or— But this was sacrilege of the first water, and, as a chastisement, the hand of an irate pa descended with a loud report, and piteous wailings rent the air.

PRESSING seaside engagements prevented the Wreck from putting in an appearance last week at the Hairdressing Show at St. James's Hall. One of the "Friv." girls who went, however, tells him that it was a great success, and that half the profit was handed over to the Hairdressers' Orphan Fund.

THE Life-Saving Exhibition at the Central Hall, Holborn, which closes on the 18th, is well worth a visit, the demonstrations by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, Life-Saving Illustrations, and Musical Drills by Ladies being only a few of the many items of attraction.

NEXT week the West-End—and, indeed, many other parts of London—will be *en fête*, for upon the 22nd Prince Carl of Denmark and Princess Maud of Wales will take each other for better or wus. The society journalists and the ladies' papers have been gushing over the affair for weeks, and if only half we hear is true, it will be a swaggar function, and wind up the dying season very nicely. The Wreck wishes the young couple every happiness, and Mrs. S. is forwarding an autograph letter containing some valuable household hints as a memento of the occasion.

THE Aquarium management played it rather low down over the big leap business. It was distinctly stated that the jump was to be from a height of 150 feet, and despite the obvious impossibility of anyone performing the feat in safety a huge crowd gathered to witness the critical performance, and the discovery that the performer's descent was accomplished by machinery caused a good deal of dissatisfaction.

THE missing words supplied. "The Greatest of These—" is *Sloper*. Please, Mr. Grundy, send on the blank cheque.

THE Earl's Court Exhibition has been getting the full benefit of the hot weather, and really a more delightful evening resort than the beautifully illuminated grounds it would be hard to find anywhere. Several additional attractions have recently been added, too, so that the amusement seeker will find ample to interest him.

THE F.O.M. has just bestowed the "*Sloper Warrant*" upon Monsieur A. Louis, of 38 Marlborough Street, Brighton, that gentleman having been appointed *Hair Twiddler* to A. SLOPER. Since the appointment, the Louis moustache is *hongerified* with greater care than ever, the points looking almost dangerous.

THE cheery little Royal was crowded the other evening when we looked in for an hour or two and found a capital entertainment.



Edwin Barwick's landlady song is one of his best, and Gertrella, the lady gymnast, very clever and graceful, and her transparent Greek robe a dream. The Sisters Bonehill, Vesta Victoria and Gwennie Hasto were also first-rate. Our sketch this week is of Jules Keller, who calls himself, with some truth, the Human Enigma. He seems to have developed his arms and hands rather to the neglect of his legs—but his performance is undoubtedly a clever one.

THE F.O.M. is pleased to hear, and the B.P. ought to be equally delighted to know, that Messrs. A. Speelman and Bro., of Rotterdam, intend introducing their celebrated "*Aliy Sloper*" brand of cigars into England at twopence. Tobaccoists will do well to handle this cigar, as it is without

doubt the best twopenny smoke ever offered to the public.

LADIES wishing to join the *Toutsie Bathing Club* should send in their names and superficial areas to the honorary secretary, A. SLOPER, ESQ., with as little delay as possible.

SLOPER'S DANCING ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER TERM IS JUST COMMENCING, AND ALTHOUGH REQUESTED BY HIS PUPILS, SIGNOR SLOPERINI HAS NO INTENTION AT PRESENT OF INCLUDING MASSAGE IN THE LESSONS.



No. 12.—Bella Lillywhite doing the "Bachelor's High-Flyer." A bit Frenchy, perhaps, but very taking with a tall girl.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

NO. 2.—A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(And a Warning to Ante-Auroral Sea-Bathers.)

WHEN I lived w' Joe at Margit—which I niver called 'im Mister—We went one night to Broadstairs, for to visit Joe's wife's sister. That sister's 'usband kep' a pub.—they both wuz open-'anded. An' so wuz we; an' a right good spree we 'ad, I tells yer candid!

Says Joe, "Me ole gal's sister, she's a dab at fortune-tellin'!" Says I, "What ho! I'll hev a go!" . . . Says she, a sort er dwellin' Upon me palm, which close she scanned, an' stretched, an' bended double—

"I see," says she, "no foreign land, but lots of foreign trouble!" Says I, "Go'long! It's odds ye'r wrong! I knows no foreign people!"

An' Joe an' me walks home at 3 A.M. by Broadstairs steeple. An' when we got near Joey's cot, says he, "I se fit fer snoozin'!" Says I, "You bet, this charnce ter get a bathe I ain't a-losin'!"

So off I sets—me dip I gets; but (through that dodge-a-tryin') Fer ten days clear wuz jolly near w' German measles dyin'! Sally an' Joe wuz good ex gold—but oft, w' pain bent double, I thort wot Joe's wife's sister told 'bout lots 'er foreign trouble!

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

A YOUNG Victoria Park man with a big active brain that puts in a bit of overtime now and then, says it's all Tommyrot frittering money away on presents to girls. He tells 'em that the more he saves the sooner he'll be able to get married, and they're just as satisfied!

Another genius down the same quarter always makes a rule of doing two things at the same time. At the same time as he writes to a school-girl chum of his wife's to turn up and spend a pleasant evening at the Paragon, he drops a post-card to the Devil to get the pitch hot.

Inasmuch as the voracious bluebottles hatched out in June only fatten on most of the insect powders at present in the market, a Shepherd's Bush genius has got up a ripping smart plan to exterminate them. He entraps them into a hot room where, for the rest of the summer, he feeds them daily. As soon as the depth of winter comes, and the quicksaver wants to drop out through the bottom of the thermometer, he opens the window suddenly, and all the "bottles" freeze to death.

Some say it's laziness, but the palm for turning everything to account goes to the Goose Green man who always reads a book sitting in a draught, so that the wind can turn the leaves for him.

An esteemed contributor of ours, named Wilberforce Woonsocket, claims to have the most intellectual wife in the three kingdoms. She has sense enough to spread a pair of steps so that they won't shut up and leave her hanging on to a picture cord or a cornice pole.

IT FETCHED HIM IN ONCE.



"Buy a paper, Captain, it contains the latest account of that shipwreck you was in."

[Delight of Miggs, who has come down to Brighton for the day in a ten and sixpenny nautical rig-out.]

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

JANET.—It is a well-authenticated fact, which has been frequently asserted, and never yet by my knowledge refuted or denied, that every successful man owes his success *entirely* to his wife. Yes, No. Try it.

LADY GWENDOLINE.—Whelks should be eaten with the finger and thumb; on no account must you use a fork to them, while the liquor should be drunk out of the saucer, when you have devoured the delicious molluscs. You would be quite out of order to use a spoon for this purpose. It is never done in good society.

A. B. C.—Oh, yes! Jawson's marking ink is perfectly indelible. You can invariably depend upon any statement made by any tradesman who advertises in this paper.

X.Y.Z.—The best method of removing marking-ink from clothing is by covering it with oxycarbonate of calcium, then pour on a few drops of aqua distillatum. Allow it to remain all night, and it will be all gone in the morning. It is not a bad way of renewing your stock of *lingerie*, but take care you don't get into trouble.

MAGGIE.—Never visit a sick person before or after meals, when you are hungry or thirsty or tired, in the early morning, late at night, or when the sun is shining. Things are always more catching when it is damp, in fact that sort of thing is better left to those people who make it their profession.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Don't do anything of the kind. Of course, the little darling does not like to take nasty physic, and he requires persuasion, and on no account should he be forced to swallow the nauseous stuff. Fancy telling you to pinch his nose until he opens his mouth! Why, it might come off! The best way to give babies medicine, and the way which I intend to adopt if ever I am unfortunate enough—I mean to say, if ever Providence blesses me with any, is to mix the physic with a little treacle and then smear it over the little dear's fingers and thumbs. He is sure to thrust them into his mouth, and so slowly but surely absorbs the medicine.

LITTLE MILLINER.—A delicious and inexpensive perfume bath may be prepared with two gallons of Eau de Cologne, three quarts of Lavender Water, a pint and a half of Extract of White Rose, ½ lb. of Musk, and three ounces of Ambergris. Add sufficient hot water to make it comfortable.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Some people clean gloves with benzine, but that hardly smells strong enough to my taste. Cod liver oil is a matchless cleanser, and the exquisite perfume will cling to them for weeks.

A POOR WOMAN is anxious to make from £4 to £5 a week by Berlin wool work. Perhaps some of our readers can inform her how to do it. I can't.

OFTEN IN THE STILLY NIGHT.—It has been said with great truth that "lovers quarrels are the renewals of love," and if he seems to be cooling off, take my advice and make an opportunity for a quarrel. Be reproachful and indignant, and weep a little, but not enough to make your nose red, and on no account give way to bitterness. What you have to consider is not the result at the time of the quarrel, but after the man has had an opportunity to think it over, when, as men are so foolish, he is pretty certain to blame himself for everything that has occurred, and will return to his allegiance afterwards with increased humility and affection.

MORE IN HER LINE.



Julie (sitting down). Whatever d'you want to go back for? It's so beautiful here. You can't admire nature.

Lalage. I guess I do—human nature; let's go on the pier!

A BIT PREMATURE.

"THERE is something wrong here, where is the fourth pall bearer?" asked the undertaker. The reply of one of the men was unique. "He is—er—that is—he is indoors proposing to the widow."

EYE-TY FLY-TY BROW-BEATERS.

[It is now de rigueur for fashionable belles to have "toney"-coloured eyebrows sewn on.]

OF noses false and eyes the same—
Of faked-up limbs (for poor folks lame),
We often hear, and do not blame,
Nor scrutinise with sly brows.
False "busts" are advertised, we find,
False calves are (for the stage) designed;
But now to things of faked-up kind
Are added, False-Sewn Eyebrows!

Yea, many a fay who'd not a spouse,
Unto this latest fashion bows,
And blithely buys the best-arched brows

(Nice circular "O my!" brows).
They choose the fashion's latest hue,
And so each other (*entre nous*)
May really now write sonnets to
His sweetheart's latest Eyebrows.



A MODERN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

OVER the scene hangs a deep, star-studded sky. It is midnight in Venice.

On the balcony of a glorious ducal palace on the waters of the Adriatic sits the Countess Guiccioli. By her side is Algernon Crauford, the talented young English painter. The brilliant, yet soft light of an Italian moon floods the marble steps of the palace and the crystal sea, where shadowy gondolas wind in and out like the many figures in some half-remembered dream.



"Do you love me?" asks the countess, in low, entrancing tones. "I adore you," says Algernon, kissing her jewelled hand.

As he speaks a black gondola glides past; something is thrown and falls at the feet of the countess. "Corpo di Baccho!" she exclaims. "It is a vendetta."

The gondola glides past again, and someone in it hisses a few words in Italian through his clenched teeth.

"That must be a steamboat," says Algernon, "and the escape valve is out of order."

"It is the Duke de Las Palmas," says the countess. "He loves me to distraction. You must fly."

"Why?"

"He has declared a vendetta."

"What's that? Anything like a dividend?"

"Do not jest. Fly, oh! fly, ere it is too late. One kiss, and then farewell!"

As Algernon kisses the countess another prolonged hissing sound comes from the gondola. Algernon looks up at the summit of Mount Vesuvius in the far distance.

"Sounds as if we were going to have another eruption," he mutters to himself.

Algernon then puts on his hat and goes back to the palace where he lodges.

CHAPTER II.

IT was twenty minutes to six o'clock in London.

Algernon Crauford has finished his art studies in Venice and has returned to England. He has arisen early, and, to oblige an old friend, is painting a barn a brilliant red tint for £1 10s., one-half in advance.

He often sighs when he thinks of Venice and the dark, languishing eyes of the Countess Guiccioli, and through his head runs the refrain of a song she used to sing: "La Ci darem la Mane."

Suddenly the ladder is jerked from under him, and he falls into a bucket of red paint.

He colours quickly and rises to his feet.

The Duke de Las Palmas stands before him. Horror of horrors!

"Ziss ees ze vendetta to ze death," hisses the Duke between his clenched teeth. "I have come to keel you!"

"What for?" asks Algernon.

"R-r-r-evenge!" says the Duke.

"What for?" again asks Algernon.

"I have married ze countess!"



CHAPTER III.

MOONLIGHT on the Adriatic. The Duchess de Las Palmas, née Guiccioli, waits upon the balcony. A gondola glides to the steps, and the Duke de Las Palmas springs out.

The Duchess hastens to meet him.

"Did you kill him?" she whispered.

"I did not."

"What! Did you fail in your mission?"

Is it possible that a Las Palmas could declare a vendetta and then let it go unfulfilled?

"Peace, Fiametta," says the Duke.

"I do not deserve your reproaches."

"What did you do to him?"

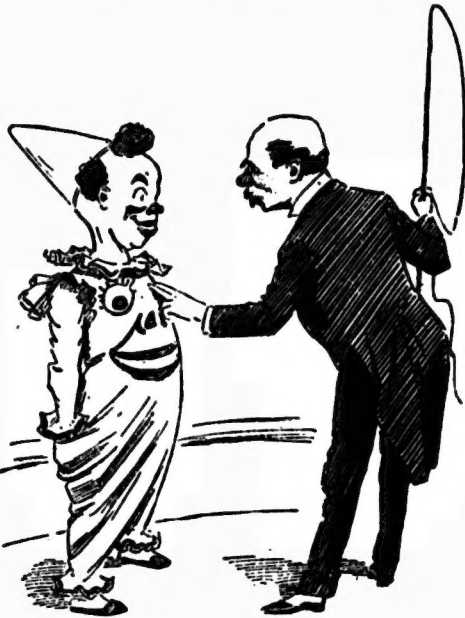
"I started a ha'penny comic paper in London and installed him as editor and principal contributor."

The Duchess sinks down with a groan, covers her pale, but beautiful, face with her hands, and shudders violently.

"Oh, Luigi!" she sobs. "Revenge, I know is sweet, but was there any need to be so inhuman? You should have killed him outright, and not condemned him to a lingering death!"

THE END.

AND THAT STARTED THE SHINDY.



"I say Billy, there's a Band of Hope coming to-day, so you'd better not paint your nose quite so red." "What about yours, old man?"

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

YARMOUTH, July 6th, 1896.

DEAR SLOPER,—I observe with interest that you are making your usual tour of the coast, and have already contrived to make things hum a bit in one or two places. We are fairly lively here as it is, old boy, but next month is our busiest time, when I trust we shall have the honour of entertaining you and your family. I feel sure the Mayor would get up a big reception for you and present you with an illuminated address, if you let him know in time. What do you say, ALLY? Ever thine,

A YARMOUTH BLOATER.

THE KATHLEENS OF KILKENNY.

THERE is no softer-hearted child of nature breathing than J. Shaughnessy O'Flynn, the talented editor of *The Kilkenny Knock-out*, and when he really feels a subject, and "lets himself go," Macaulay and Byron and the rest of them can take a back seat. He is just now engaged—and very well engaged, too—in writing up the fair sex, consequent upon his having been smitten by the charms of the widow of a prosperous buttermilk pveyor, and this is a bit of his latest "leader":

"The Kathleens of dear old Kilkenny have not their like on the face of the globe! Journey through our country, and report to us at this office: a plain girl is the exception here and there; an ugly girl impossible. If this isn't solid fact call us a wall-eyed alligator. There's something in the air of Kilkenny that vitalizes and beautifies all physical life. Look at our cows. Look at our pigs. Look at our long-legged, bright-eyed, observant pullets. You can't spot a wrong 'un all round the barn yard. But our women! Oh, great Davitt! our women! There isn't a potato patch that can't produce a lady who, after getting her stockings darned, and taking a hot bath, wouldn't step upon a throne and grace it! They have charm. They have style. They can reign as well as shine. Marry one of them, and if she dies marry another!"

"We have referred to our cows; they set the fashion in butter the world over. We have referred to our pigs; they nobly die that Sassenach breakfast-tables may be furnished. Take our whisky: with a suspicion of warm water and a slice of lemon 'tis a liberal education, but after all our crown of glory is sweet Kathleen. Oh! Kathleen—whether ye're walkin' down Dame Street, Dublin, on a sunny July afternoon, beatin' the blondes of the Bullyvards or the brunettes of Piccadilly clane out of sight, or whether ye're ridin' cross-saddle on a bare-backed Mullingar pony to market yer cockles, clad in plain calico an' barely enough of it at that—why, nor English rose, nor Grecian statue, nor Leayne de Poogey, nor bird of paradise with a double tail can make ye take second place!"

WHATEVER COULD IT BE?



"I don't know a bit what makes me so nervous, I can count at least two dozen men I know on the beach."

WHOSE VERSES—

ARE soft as soft-tongued siren's?

Byron's.

Are rich as creamiest Stilton's?

Milton's.

Are blithe as funeral knell's?

Shelley's.

Are meet for moral guidance?

Dryden's.

Conduce to puzzled frownings?

Browning's.

Show proof that rhyme well-jingled's "biz"?

Ingoldsby's.

Are ranked as sterling benisons?

Tennyson's.

Are thin as shadowy similes?

Sims's.

Are fit for holocaustins?

Austin's.

Are more abstruse than Horace's?

Morris's.

Breathe soft of amorous dalliance?

Le Gallienne's.

A HERO.

HE was a tall, military-looking man, and he sat upon an upturned bushel basket in a hot kitchen reading the details of the fighting in South Africa in the morning newspaper. His face glowed with enthusiasm as he perused the account of a glorious stand his countrymen had made against the Matabele and his pulse beat all the quicker.

"By Jupiter!" he cried, as he finished and put the paper down, "before I'm ten minutes older I'll don my uniform and proceed to the front!"

And he did, brave fellow!

It was a dark green uniform with brass buttons and he had to wear it standing on the front step of the Spotted Giraffe, the best Scotch whisky house in the Strand, to keep the match sellers and hawkers out of the private bar.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"AN-OUNCE-MENT": Oz.

CRICKET Note.—What is needed for getting centuries? (He)art of Grace.

THE rankest Free Trader doesn't object to "fare trayed" when he's downright hungry.

"TOM BROWN'S" Cool Days: Those on which he fell through the ice while skating.

HIS REMEDY.



Dear careful little Willie has overheard that the book mamma gave papa on his birthday, was too dry to read.

CITUAISHUNS I HAVE LEFT.

THE RECKERLEKSHUNS OF ELIZABETH MIFFINS ("GENERAL"). CHAPTER TWENTY-TU.

IT did not talk me verry long tu reech Scratchington-on-Sea, and i right tu sa that it tuk me konsiderably les tu deesskuver that mi nu cituashun wood nevur soot Elizabeth Miffins at no pryce. The bordin-ouse wair i was in Lundun was mi ideer of a ard place, but, bles yu, it was ese and luckeury kompaid tu this.

Their vos fore setts of loggers in orl. Them on the botum floor konsisted of par and mar and three smorl childrun; on the seckund was a yung kupple as was on their hunnymune; an old gent had the frunt bedrume abuv and a yung wun the bak, but didn't hav no meels in the house icksep brekfust. I had knot bean in the 'ouse a nour befor i komenced tu hait the par and mar and the old gent on the third floor. As tu the three smorl childrun i sune maid up mi mind that a feerful vengeance shoob be mine. Of orl the 'orid kids i evur kaim akrosse tha was the 'oridest. Orlwais a-yellin and a-snivelin and a-worryin til yu felt it woodn't be no grait krime tu put tupenerth of rart poison in their tee and finish 'em orl foar gud.

The old gent upstares was a hiflier and no erer. I woodn't hav bin his wife, no, not if he'd bean a-wollerin in gold and gorn down on his neas among the soverreins and bank noats tu arsk me. Tork about ares! Why, the amount he giv himself was enuf tu maik a Kavvyleers wigg out of and leave sum tu spair foar a forise fringe. He only giv fifteen shillins a weak foar his rume, but yude think he was payin the 'ole bleisid rent of the 'ouse. Kup of tee brort up tu him at six, shavin' worter at sevun, brekfust at ate; orl punk-shul tu the momunt, or he'd kick up that amount of fus yu nevur did. And the number of times he rung his bel. First, thair was no sope in his rume, then he hadn't got no worter. Arfur that he'd wate a bit, and then giv sich a furys peel as neerly brake the wire. Up i rushes and finds he only wants tu no the icksack tyme, as 'is wotch had stoit overnite. And orl da long the old beest kep playin up this sort of gaim. Tork about the tredmil, it was werse than doin six munth's 'ard tu hav tu run up and down arfur him.

As tu mi mystris, Mrs. Sneekum, she was a fare korf-drop, she vos. Not that she didn't du no werk herself, wich i giv her credit foar slavin hard, but the wa she nagd and bagered and drove me fust hear and then thair was enuf tu maik a galy slav's blud boil. Nevur wunce did i la mi weery hed on the piller befor parat midnite, and sune arfur fyve in kaim Mrs. Sneekum tu arsk if i vos goin tu la in bel orl da. And wot with the bute kleanin and the woshin up and the runin up stares i vos that worn i vos fit tu drop befor the brekfust things vos orl kleared awa.

How vane was the meny litul preperashuns i had maid foar mi sta. Slavin from mornin til nite i sor no charnse of givin mi bathin kostume a hairin, and as tu a quiet prommynaid on the peer of a evenin, it vos madnis in the presunt cirkumstances tu think of it. And yet mi hart yerned foar wun nite's fredom from the slavury intu wich i had been trapt. So wun evenin i gorse up tu Mrs. Sneekum and tels her i must hav a hevvin out. Yu shud hav just herd her. I vos a lasy, idul, good-foar-nuthin girl wot wood nevur kum tu no good, and how i'd got the hart tu want tu go gallyvantin round the plaice and leevin her with everything tu luk arfur, she didn't no. But wen i ups and tels her i wasn't a Sibearyn eksile, neither vos i a peanul servitooder, and if she didn't like it i kood sune go sumwair else, she giv wa and sez i ma go out foar a fu hours nex evenin. How kood i tel that them fu hours vos tu deesye the fucher destiny of Eliza Miffins?

(To be continued next week.)

THE SLOPER RELICS.

(Continued.)

NO. 19.—CYPHER TELEGRAM, CHARTERED COMPANY SHARE AND A CLOTHES BRUSH, PRESENTED BY THE HON. CECIL RHODES.



It is scarcely correct to state that all three of these Relics were presented to A. SLOPER, for the cypher telegram was actually sent to him by Mr. Rhodes. Up to the present the Eminent has not been able to decypher it; but taking into consideration the fact that it is urgent and of vital importance, he has placed it in a conspicuous place amongst the Relics, so that visitors to Shoe Lane may see it and try to make it out. Should anyone succeed in so doing, he or she is desired to communicate without delay (privately, of course,) with A. SLOPER. As to the Chartered Company share, Mr. Rhodes has since written saying that it was sent in mistake for a pair of trooper's boots, very old and curious, and requesting its immediate return, when the boots will be at once forwarded. To which A. SLOPER replied that mistakes will happen in the best regulated companies, and that he jolly well means to stick to the share now he's got it. The last article was used by Mr. Rhodes when having a close brush with the enemy.—(To be continued.)



No. 438.—MR. DICK TOWNSEND, F.O.S.

"Though doubtless a stranger to the majority of our readers, the hero of this week's sketch is as well-known in Leeds as A. SLOPER is in Fleet Street. As mine host of the White Horse, Vicar Lane, he has long deserved well of the inhabitants of the big Yorkshire town, and few among these who will not rejoice at his inclusion in our gallery of celebrities. Let the reader, however, run not away with the idea that the White Horse is a mere ordinary pub.; no, it is famed far and wide, not only for its excellent liquors, but for the interesting Museum of Curiosities attached, and which our hero has spent many years and much of in bringing to a state of perfection. Chiefly for this reason he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, March 18th, 1896."—*Debrett Improved.*



"MY OWN EFFIE.—Our Bazaar went off splendidly, and I got to know some very decent fellows. I made a point of diddling the Johnnies no end—they did not mind a scrap, though. Always yours, "VIOLET."



Little Scorchers vowed he would make a name in the cycling world, and unquestionably he succeeded in doing so.

HE WANTED FRESH AIR.



Uncle Boffin in the generosity of his heart, took a neighbour's child into the country recently to spend the day. That child is still in the hospital carefully packed in cotton wool, and Uncle and the neighbour are aiming brick-bats at each other.

THE FAIR SEX GOT HOME AGAIN.



Mr. Curt. Ah! They turn out some thundering good fellows where I come from—
Miss Pert. Oh! I'm sure they do—at closing time!
[She had evidently seen him leave the Jolly Mariners.]

OH, THOSE HATS!



(1) "What lovely flowers!" (2) "I'll nick a few." (3) "How dare you, you little wretch!"

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THE SLOPER FAMILY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF THEIR LIVES.

No. 19.—MISS TOTTIE GOODENOUGH.



AGED 16.—This sprightly young lady made her debut at the Halls in all her budding beauty, as the Hon. Billy practically puts it—(Mrs. Sloper says Billy is a fool and don't know what he is talking about)—at the age of sixteen as a page to that famous prestidigitateur the Wizard of the Wilderness.

AGED 19.—She entered the sacred portals of the Frivolity when she was but nineteen, and happily remained to stay. At once her symmetry of outline alone charmed all beholders, for at first speaking parts were not allotted to her. A. SLOPER declared she was, indeed, an ideal extra.



AGED 23.—It was not until she reached the age of twenty-three that she really made her mark. The part was a heavy one of five lines and concerted song, and was that of Captain of the Forty in the pantomime of *Ally Barber*; or, *Harlequin Shampoo, the Demon Dentist, and the Enchanted Cure of Everlasting Onf.*

PRESENT DAY.—The versatile Tottie shines as brightly as a dancer as she does in the other branches of the profession. Her tiger-moth dance, which nightly helps to fill the treasury coffers, is a thing to see. A. SLOPER, Esq., displays for Miss Goodenough genuine paternal affection. He calls her "My child."